

THE

Alliance Nightingale



ENDORSED BY THE NATIONAL ALLIANCE AT OCALA, FLORIDA.

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—THE—

ALLIANCE

NIGHTINGALE.

Go forth, little book, to thy work,
Cheer the strong and strengthen
the weak;
Go, hasten the glorious time—
The end we so earnestly seek.

EL DORADO, KANSAS.
FLORENCE HOLCOMB-OLMSTEAD,
1892.

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PREFACE.

SISTERS AND BRETHREN:—

The favor with which my little song book, THE MITE, has been received, and the requests of many members of our Order, has induced me to enlarge my book to such proportions that the name "Mite" is no longer appropriate.

Hoping that this NIGHTINGALE may herald the morn, and bring joy to your hearts, and that all may "sing with the spirit and with the understanding." I remain your sister in the great reform,

FLORENCE HOLCOMB-OLMSTEAD,
El Dorado, Kansas.

Mortgage Foreclosed.

AIR—“*Just Before the Battle, Mother.*”

Oh! I've heard of Prairie Kansas.
That fair land so broad and free;
With its mines of choicest treasures,
There's the home for you and me.
Let us take our little savings,
Just the right time to invest,
For the country's new and growing,
And the Spring-time is the best.

CHORUS—

Never mind the little mortgage,
That can surely do no harm,
We will not be asked to pay it,
Till they raise the price of corn.
So, with teams, our cows and poultry,
We went west to make a farm;
Prairies lovely, blessed our vision,
Grass was green and sunshine warm,
And the choicest blooming flowers
With sweet fragrance filled the air;
Pleasant streams with water flowing,
Peace and plenty everywhere.
All our labors were incessant,
And the plowman did his best,
Rocks nor roots to check our progress,
Little time we had for rest.
Forest trees and orchard planting,
Rapid growth soon brought us fruit;
Fondest hopes our minds enchanting,
Farming was our chief pursuit.
Granaries filled to overflowing,
Bounteous harvests filled the barn,
But the Trust's put down the prices,
Just ten cents is all for corn;
Farmers, you can't borrow money,
Five per cent. a month don't pay,
So we'll close and hold improvements,
You can move some other way.

CHORUS—

Farewell, they have closed the mortgage,
To the laws we now must yield,
Robbed, distressed and broken hearted,
We must seek some other field.
—*Mrs. T. J. Whitmann, Morton, Kansas.*

Only a Common Farmer.

KEY, B. flat. AIR—"Only an Armor Bearer."

From *Champion Organizer*.

Only a common farmer, proudly I stand,
Waiting to follow the Alliance command;
Marching if onward the order shall be,
Standing by the brethren, serving faithfully.

CHORUS—

Hear ye the battle cry, 'tis once for all;
See ! see ! the farmers come, forward the call !
Sure the Alliance may depend on me,
Though but a common farmer I may be.

CHORUS—

Only a common farmer now in the field,
Guarding a principle that shall not yield;
Waiting to hear the brethren' onward cry,
Ready then to answer, "Brethren, here am I."

CHORUS—

Only a common farmer, yet may I share
Glory immortal and a bright crown wear,
If in the battle to my brethren true.
Mine shall be the honor in the grand review.

CHO.

Rearranged by S. M. Scott.

The New Union Wagon.

KEY, C. AIR—"The Old Union Wagon."

Bring out our brand new wagon, boys,
And don't you fool around.
Just call for all the labor men,
And let us view the ground
We've trudged along with weary feet,
Our good wives by our side;
We've pulled the load for many years,
It's now our time to ride.

CHORUS—

Then hurrah for our wagon,
Our brand new Union wagon;
Just pile into the wagon
For now we're going to ride.

Our wagon it is good and strong,
You need not be afraid,
Necessity's a master hand,
For service it is made.
Then come along with right good will,
Your ballots surely bring,
We'll have a little skirmish, boys,
And they'll be just the thing.

Monopoly is in our track,
We'll have to knock him out;
And then with party overseers
We'll have a lively bout,
But brace up boys and don't you flinch,
Though loud the whip may crack,
We'll face them with a solid front,
And never once look back.
Just take good aim and falter not,
But stand up like a man;
Shoot every ballot fair and square,
Don't waste a single one;
And when the smoke is cleared away
No enemy we'll see.
Oh, then a happy time we'll have,
A glorious jubilee.

A Glorious Work, Ye Sons of Labor.

Key, C. AIR—"A Thousand Years, My Own Columbia."

Say, have you heard of our noble Union?
Millions together stand as one.
Each for his brother's welfare working;
Justice they ask, it shall be done.

CHORUS—

A glorious work ye sons of labor,
Rise and unite, your duty do.
Leave to your sons a land of freedom—
Liberty's light depends on you.

Lift up your heads, ye downcast workers,
Succor at last has come to thee,
Shout in your joy till the happy echo
Loudly resounds from sea to sea.

Brotherly love and a common danger
Banded our noble sires of old,
Bravely they fought for their rights, and
conquered—
Won by their will, and not with gold.

Peacefully we, their children's children,
Strive for the homes their life-blood
bought;
God is the same—we yet are loyal,
Foes of the right shall come to naught.

Back to your place, ye foes of justice,
Flee, for the time is now at hand;
Gold shall not rule this mighty people,
Severeigns proclaim throughout the land.

Cowards who sneer and shirk from duty,
Reaping the gains from others' toils,
Hide, e'er the light of shining justice
Shows to the world your withered sculs.

Thinking What the End May Be.

KEY, A flat. AIR—"Tenting on the Old Camp Ground."

I am thinking to-night of the many hands
Toiling to win their bread,
Of the aching hearts and the weary brain—
Hope is almost dead.

Many are the children hungry to-night,
Longing for a crust of bread;

Many are the millions hoarded by might—
My heart is filled with dread.

CHORUS—

Thinking to-night, friends, thinking to-night,
Thinking what the end must be.

Thinking to-night, friends, thinking to-night,
Thinking what the end must be.

I am thinking to-night of the lofty walls,
Reared by faithful hands,
Of the cities paved and by labor's skill
Joined by iron bands.

Many are the builders homeless to-night,
No place to lay his head,

Many are the mansions, dazzling and white,
My heart is filled with dread. —CHO.

I am thinking to-night of the pioneer,
Battling with earth and air,
To make him a home in the untried West,
For wife and children fair.

Many are the homesteads mortgaged to-night,
Waiting for the sheriff's tread;

Many are the acres given by might—
My heart is filled with dread. —CHO.

I am thinking to-night we must wait no more,
Rise—our duty do; [claim—

We must ask for our own, and our lands re-
To ourselves be true.

Many are the workers needed to-night,
Mighty is the work ahead;

We must win for the right, should we fail, alas!
It fills my heart with dread. —CHO.

We Meet Once Again.

KEY, B flat. AIR—"Gathering up the Shells."

We meet once again with each other,
To work in the interest of all;
We strive to make better and wiser
The members who come at the call.
Oh, our work will seem lighter than ever;
We'll sing more gaily than before;
For the kind, helpful words that are spoken
Will cheer and comfort evermore.

CHORUS—

Scattering seeds of wisdom and kindness,
Gathering many precious gems of lore;
Oh, happier are the days now before us,
For we're working as never before.

Standing shoulder to shoulder we'll conquer,
Our power no fraud can withstand,
For, united, we'll crush by our numbers
Monopoly's rude, grasping hand.
We are striving for liberty's blessings,
Bequeathed by our fathers of yore;
By their courage and blood it was purchased,
By vigilance we'll keep it evermore.

—7—
All Hail.

KEY, G. AIR—"White Wings."

All hail! to our glorious Order,
The Farmers' and Laborers' Union, all hail!
All hail to the grand men and women
Who labor for justice,
Their work shall not fail;
For God hears the cry of the millions
Who labor and toil, who have reaped down
the grain,
Their cries saith the Lord of the Sabbath,
Shall not go unheaded, shall not be in vain.

CHORUS—

Oh! Hark! awful woe! Yes, God sayeth woe!
Woe to the rich who defraudeth
The laborer out of his hire, saith the Lord;
For as a fire it eateth,
As a witness shall rise up the rust of his hoard.

All hail to our glorious Order,
The Farmers' and Laborers' Union, all hail!
Work fast, in faith still believing
That justice and equity yet shall prevail.
Dark clouds are gathered above us,
But mighty His arm, He will scatter the night,
If we but do our own duty;
Then stand by our Order, our forces unite.

Alliance Rally Song.

KEY, F. TUNE—"Hollow Fraud."

'Tis the farmers and their friends who are now
fighting for the ends,
For which our sires before us fought, and
bled, and died;
That as tillers of the soil, we should find midst
honest toil,
Homes of sweet content and happiness be-
sides.

CHORUS—

Hollow halt, political gags; hollow fraud, old
money bags;

Never tell the people why you had to go;
But just bristle up your backs, while you try
to hide your tracks,

And tell the folks your record's white as snow.
But content we ne'er can be, 'till from mort-
gages we're free;

Nor can happiness within our homes abide
So long as money kings and monopolistic rings
In our legislative chambers do abide.

The bosses and their clan, as well at first may
understand

That party prejudice is being laid away;
They have mortgages on our homes, but they
haven't on our votes,
As we'll show them when it comes election
day.

—9—

Combines, trusts and national banks, also all
political cranks,

Now can see the coming equinoctial storm.
See them eagerly watch the shore, whilst they
firmly grasp the oar
That has saved them, but they'll wreck against
reform.

Don't forget to agitate while they're making up
the slate;

Have a finger in the big political pie.
'Tis the right against the might, and our foe is
in a plight,
And we'll hail the glorious victory bye and
bye.

—*B. M. Hodgin, Rose Hill, Kansas.*

The Kingdom of Mammon Shall Fall.

KEY, E flat. AIR—"The Hand Writing
on the Wall."

There's a grand reformation.

Have you heard its welcome tone?
It is sweeping through our nation,
'Tis a mighty power grown;
'Tis the voice of downcast labor,
As she rises from the dust,
Saying, come ye weary workmen,
Hear the verdict of the just.

CHORUS—

The Kingdom of Mammon shall fall!
The Kingdom of Mammon shall fall!
We will lift on high our banner,
Let it say in tones of thunder,
To Mammon's shrine we'll never bow

See, the mighty host is coming.

Mark the jewels on each brow,
'Tis the sweat of honest labor.
Hark, they ask for justice now.
See the hands, all worn and calloused,
Of the men and women too.
Shall their work go unrewarded?
Shall their toil enrich the few?

CHORUS—

Equity and right shall conquer,
Labor yet shall have her own,
She has risen in her power,
Justice sits upon the throne.
He who sows shall reap the harvest;
He who builds shall enter in.
Greed shall be no longer master,
He who works reward shall win.

CHORUS—

The Happy Time.

KEY, G. AIR, “*There’s a Land that is Fairer than Day.*”

There’s a time that is not far away,
For the dawn of its morning I see,
When this glorious land that we love,
From oppression and greed shall be free

CHORUS—

In the sweet bye and bye,
When the good and the true shall unite,
And shall work side by side
For each other, for justice and right.

They are coming from East and from West
From the North and the South hear
the cry,
We will join in the glorious fight,
For the righteous must win bye and bye.

All that weakens, degrades and enslaves,
We will drive from this land of the free.
By the people our laws must be made,
For the people they surely shall be.

Then unite, all ye winners of bread,
And away with monopoly’s rule,
And demand what is justly our own—
Be no longer the demagogue’s tool.

Medley.
(For two boys.)

FIRST BOY.

AIR—“*Yankee Doodle.*”

Oh, Yankee’s got his dander up,
He’s in an awful passion,
He says that things shall not go on
In such a shameful fashion.
The dudes who shirk shall get to work
Or starve if it comes handy;
They shant combine and steal from us,
Says Yankee Doodle Dandy.

SECOND BOY.

AIR—“*Dixie.*”

And away down South in the land of cotton
Won’t we send the “trusts” a trottin’
Right away, right away, right away from
Dixie Land
Hooray! Hooray for Dixie Land! Hooray!
Hooray!
For Dixie Land has taken stand
To drive away the robber band,
Right away! right away!
Away from sunny Dixie.

BOTH BOYS.

AIR—“*America.*”

Our country we shall see
From Mammon’s clutches free,
Free once again.

Thy sons are patriots still,
And by their sovereign will,
O’er every vale and hill
Justice shall reign.

Toilers Unite.

KEY, C. AIR—“*Where Hast Thou Gleaned.*”

FIRST—Weary farmer, whence comest thou
With empty hand and clouded brow?
Why so gloomy and sad to-day?
Tell thy troubles to me I pray.

SECOND—All day long I’ve plowed and sweat,
Toiled to free myself from debt,
Toiled and struggled, but all in vain,
Debts and mortgages still remain.

FULL CHO—Toilers, unite, stand firm to-day,
Find a remedy while you may;
Victor’s laurels will crown your brow
If you’ll battle for justice now.

FIRST—Farmer, tell me, why is it so?
Why dost prosper so very slow?
Hast thou squandered thy substance
thus!
Or hast lost it by drouth or rust?

SECOND—All my life I’ve worked and slaved,
Raised good crops and always saved;
Trusts and combines make prices fall,
Taxes and interest gobble it all.

FIRST—Farmer, tell me, what canst thou do
To help thyself and others, too?
How shall Labor receive her own?
How shall Greed be overthrown?

SECOND—We are many and we’ll unite,
We will rise up in our might,
Say to all the cheats we meet—
He who works not, shall not eat.

Campaign Song.

KEY, G. AIR—"Yankee Doodle."

Once on a time some schemers sly,
To win the an election,
Fixed up a game to catch the votes,
And called it "Home Protection;"
Said they, we'll win in "Blocks of Five"
By using Wall Street boodle;
For folks won't know what song is sung,
So the tune is "Yankee Doodle."

CHORUS—

And so they waved the bloody shirt,
The tariff too, came handy
To separate and blind the friends
Of Yankee Doodle Dandy.

And then there was another plan
Fixed up to suit each section;
The makers said 'twas not free trade,
Of course 'twas not protection;
They thought they'd play it very fine
And win without a doubt, sir;
And so they raised the color line,
They know what they're about, sir. CHO.

We did then what they knew we'd do,
We fiercely fought each other;
Our interests we quite forgot,
In trying to down our brother.
Old battles were fought o'er again,
But when it all was done, sir,
We looked around, but looked in vain
To see what we had won, sir. CHO.

But now, that we have cooler grown,
The record we look over,
And things we could not then discern
We easily discover;
And from the past the future read
Of their determination
To grind the masses to the earth
With their class legislation. CHO.

But we are true Americans,
We wont be fooled again, sir.
We'll vote no more for Wall Street pets
But for Alliance men, sir.
In vain the party lash they ply,
The party line they tighten;
In vain the tariff old they use
To blind, deceive and frighten.

CHORUS TO LAST VERSE:

The lines are old and badly worn,
You've used them years, remember,
The strain is more than they can bear,
They'll smash up in November.

The Farmer's Home.

KEY, C AIR—"Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane."

I am old and poor and feeble now,
I've toiled for many years,
And I know I have not long here to abide,
But I'd hoped that in the gloaming
I could rest in joy and peace
With my dear old wife in comfort by my side.

CHORUS—

But, alas! though we've been frugal,
And lived poor and done our best,
In our home we can no longer now remain,
For the mortgage soon will take it,
And we'll have to go away,
Though it fills our heart with misery and pain.

Oh! our home is very dear to us,
We've planned it year by year— [are.
Every tree and fence we placed just where they
The orchard and the garden
We have tended to with pride. [care.
And the flowers wife has nursed with tender
It was here we raised our children,
Here, they prattled 'round our door; [done;
Here the best part of our life work has been
And we thought to all enjoy it.
And perhaps have something left
For the children when our race of life was run.

Oh! we've raised our children honest,
And done for them what we could;
But they've worked sometimes instead of going
For we had to make our living. [to school.
But we taught them what was right,
And to practice every day the golden rule.

Although they love us dearly,
And would save us from this pain, [store,
And they'll share with us whate'er they have in
They have many cares and times so hard,

Although they'll not complain—
To increase their heavy burden grieves us sore.

But we'll soon be done this journey,
Soon we'll reach the gates of pearl,
And the angel though we're old and very poor,
Will open wide the portal,
For up there our title's clear,
And home at last we'll dwell forever more,

CHORUS TO LAST VERSE—

Yes, in the Father's house above,
Where many mansions be, [made;
There no mortgage through misfortune will be
But those who've kept the golden rule,
Will there find just reward—
An inheritance that never more will fade.

Send Alliance News.

KEY, B flat. AIR—"Let the Lower Lights
be Burning."

From the Champion Organizer.

Can we not, dear brother farmer,
Keep our object full in view?
Having charity for others
When we meet in grand review.

CHO.—

Let the lower lights be burning !
Send Alliance news to all.
Some poor failing struggling farmer,
By assistance may not fall.

Let the brothers and the sisters
Teach the world of true reform.
Lending others our assistance
As the work is pressing on.

—CHO.

Ah ! the time for reformation
Has been coming to these years,
Waiting for the preparation
That has come with many fears.

Fears of what, I ask dear brother,
In the name of charity,
Fear ourselves, we need not others,
For this work is equity.

Now the Clouds of Hate Are Gone.

KEY, C. AIR—"When the Mists have Cleared Away."

We are working, bravely working,
In a grand and noble cause;
We would educate the people
Who must make the nation's laws.
Equal Rights to All, our motto,
Special Privileges to None,
Peace to all, to all life's blessings,
Shall this noble work be done?

CHO.—

Now the clouds of hate are gone
And the blindness passed away,
Men will see the truth and do it,
In the light of this glad day.

We are working, bravely working,
To unite in heart and mind
All the true that love our nation,
We would elevate mankind.
We would heal the bitter heart-aches,
We would have the people see
Hate though clothed in dazzling garments,
Patriotism cannot be.

—CHO.

Though our past mistakes are many,
Pause not to recount them o'er,
For the present needs our labor,
And it needs us more and more.
Let us then, as men and brethren,
Quickly to the rescue fly;
One in heart and one in action,
We will conquer bye and bye.

—CHO.

Where Will the Farmer be?

KEY, C. AIR—“*What Shall the Harvest be?*”

Drifting along as the current flows,
Dreaming not of the coming woes,
Swiftly nearing destruction’s goal,
Soon its billows will o’er him roll.

Oh! where will the farmer be?

Oh! where will the farmer be?

CHORUS—

Drowned by the combine and drowned by
the trust.

Sunk by his int’rest or us’ry unjust,
Held down by taxes on more than his tea—
Where, O where, will the farmer be?

Soundly he sleeps as he downward flies,
Sees not the danger that ’round him lies.
If he but wakes from that stupid state,
He may escape from that awful fate.
Oh! where will the farmer be? etc.

Home and happiness pass from sight,
Held by monopoly’s legal right;
Feebly he struggles in sinking sand—
No one extends him a helping hand.
Oh! where will the farmer be? etc.

Now he awakens, with ready will
Bends to his oars, he has power still.
Steady he pulls with a mighty stroke;
Loudly his enemies ’round him croak.
Oh! where will the farmer be? etc.

Strikes he nobly for home and friends,
Quickly oppression before him bends,

Trusts and monopolies 'round him fall,
See by his strength he has conquered all
Oh! there will the farmer. etc.

CHORUS TO LAST VERSE—

Saved by his courage,
Yes, saved by his might,
Saved by uniting good sense with the right,
Soon from injustice and wrong he'll be free
There, yes, there will the farmer be.

Funeral Hymn.

Key, C. AIR—“*One Sweetly and Solemn Thought.*”

Oh, calmly rest in peace,
And sweetly slumber on;
How perfect is thy rest,
With all thy labor done.

Thine armor is laid down,
Thy warfare now is o'er;
The toils and cares of life
For thee shall be no more.

For thee death hath no sting
And grave no victory;
'T was but sweet messenger
To set thy spirit free.

We weep but for our loss,
For on the other shore
By faith we see the still
Not dead, but gone before.

Oh, may we think with care
On this, our last abode;
Oh, may we every one
Prepare to meet our God.

Rallying Song.

AIR, "*John Brown's Body.*"

Written for the Alliance Tribune.

We're a band of willing workers,
We are tillers of the soil,
And welcome to our numbers
All who win their bread by toil.
All wrongful combinations
By our efforts we would foil
As we go marching on.

CHORUS—Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Our cause is marching on

The asserting power of mammon
Now is felt through all the land;
While the votaries of Shylock
Are united in a clan;
And e'en presume to lord it
Over nature's nobleman,
But we go marching on.

Let us wage a bloodless battle,
And an honest course pursue;
With our bullets only ballots
We will put the matter through;
Strike, while the iron's hot,
With victory in view
As we are marching on.

A strong and valiant yeomanry
Have entered on the race;
The stains upon our country's page
We fain would now erase.
Though ridicule from Shylocks
May be flaunted in our face
We still are marching on.

Those who've been our trusted leaders
Must leave the beaten track.
Tho' with tears or sighs they leave us,

Yet we would not call them back;
Their numerous broken pledges
They cannot now retract,
For we are marching on.

A country for the people,
Not for a boasted few;
Our Sainted fathers kept this
Sacred principle in view,
In our hearts is still implanted
This maxim firm and true,
So we are marching on.

—*Mrs. L. E. Hull.*

Let Us Work

KEY, F. Air—“*Toiling On.*”

Let us work ! Let us work !
There is much we must do,
That the many may prosper
Instead of the few;
So that he who produces
Shall also enjoy
The fruits of his labor,
With naught to annoy.

CHO.—

Come along ! Come along !
Join our throng ! Join our throng !
Let us work and think,
Let us hope and pray,
And labor till the work is done.

Let us work ! Let us work !
With our minds and our will,
To restore peace on earth
And our mission fulfill.
Be not idle but faithful,
For wrong will not right,
Except we compel it—
Then work with your might.

Forward,

KEY, G sharp.—“*Scatter Seeds of Kindness.*”
By Permission—From Champion Organizer.

There's a great reformation
That is dawning on us now;
It is moving all the nation
With its grand convincing brow.
Let us not forget, my brother,
That there's others live to-day,
And their rights we shall remember,
As we travel on the way.

CHORUS—“Then scatter seeds of kindness;

Then scatter seeds of kindness;
Then scatter seeds of kindness;
For our reaping by and by.”

If you see a brother falter,
And his heart grows faint with fear,
Point him back to his remembrance,
When Alliance was not near.

When all hope of reformation
Had been trampled in the dust,
And the best blood of the nation
Gave the work up in disgust.

Hope is lifted from beneath us
And is sitting on her throne;
We have brushed the dust from off her,
And shall place on her a crown.

This crown shall be immortal,
For it's made of charity;
Placed in gold across the forehead,
So the world may look and see.

Let us one and all remember
That this world is for us all;
That there's none that's independent;
No! there is none that may not fall.
Then I beg of you look forward
To the crown that hope shall wear,
And have charity for others,
And of selfishness beware.

Pull For the Shore, Farmer.

KEY, G. AIR—"Pull for the Shore, Sailor."

Light in the darkness, farmer, day is at hand,
See they are congregating all o'er the land;
Drear was the voyage, farmer, now almost o'er,
Safe in the Alliance, farmer, pull for the shore.

CHORUS—

Pull for the shore, farmer, pull for the shore;
Heed not the growling ones, but bend to the
oar;

Safe in Alliance, farmer, cling to self no more,
Leave the poor old crumbing wreck and pull
for the shore.

Trust in Alliance, farmer, all else will fail;
Longer the surges dash and fiercer the gale;
Heed not the outside world though loudly they
roar;

Watch the helm and keep her straight and pull
for the shore.

Bright gleams the morning, farmer, uplift your
eye,

Clouds and darkness disappearing, glory is nigh;
Safe in Alliance, farmers, sing ever more,
Glory, glory, hallelujah, pull for the shore.

—S. M. Scott, McPherson, Kansas.

Closing Ode.

KEY, G. AIR—"Beulah Land."

By permission—From Champion Organizer.

We now have done our evening's work,
There's no one here who's thought to shirk;
Yes, done our work we think quite well,
If not, there's no one here to tell.

CHORUS—

Alliance band, Alliance band,
Shoulder to shoulder now we stand.
Good night! good night! to one and all
We'll come whene'er we hear the call.

We bid you all good night again,
Let Truth and Justice be our plan;
Equality we know is right.
To one and all, good night! good night!

CHO.

Oh Say, Can You See By the Signs of the Times?

KEY, B flat. AIR—"The Star Spangled Banner."

Oh, say! can you read by the signs of the times
That the people once more to the rescue are
coming?

Once aroused they will hurl from our glorious land
Proud Liberty's foes who so basely are scheming.

CHORUS—

Hear the songs on the air as we loudly declare
We will yet save our homes and our country
so fair.

Oh! Freedom's bright banner still proudly shall wave,
Nor shelter a tyrant nor sanction a slave.

The tyrants we fight are opposed to the right;
They work for the power to oppress and
enslave us.

But we're Liberty's sons, we can never be slaves,
"The people, the people our trust" yet to save us.

—CHORUS.

The truth still is mighty and soon shall prevail;
The right and the might now together are working,
Then we'll shout in great joy, and our forces employ,
Let no patriot now be from duty found shrinking.

CHORUS.

The New Jubilee.

Key, B flat. Air.—“*Marching through Georgia.*”

Come, ye weary laborers,
We'll sing a glad new song,
'Tis the glorious jubilee
We've waited for so long,
Sing, then, as we never sang,
United, firm and strong,
While we are marching to victory.

CHORUS—

Hurrah! Hurrah! another jubilee!
Hurrah! Hurrah! deliverance we see;
North, and South, and East, and West,
Together sing with glee,
While we are marching to victory.

Many years we've toiled and worked,
And wondered why it was
We were poor while others thrived,
And now we've found the cause;
In unity alone is strength,
'Tis one of Nature's laws;
Now we are marching to victory.

Now we think as well as work,
I'll tell you, boys, it pays,
We'll tend to our own business now,
And do it our own ways.
Let old by-gones be forgot,
And work for better days,
While we are marching to victory.

“Now, boys, keep out of politics,”
The politicians say,
“For you'll get hurt, or you'll hurt us—
Don't meddle with it pray,
Just work along, we'll tend to that.”

Oh, tell us in what way,
While we are marching to victory.

Now, politicians, don't turn pale,
You needn't tremble so;
But then there is a thing or two
Which you will have to know—
Who works against our interests
Will surely have to go,
For we are marching to victory.

Our Order.

Key, D. Air—“*Hold the Fort.*”

We're a band of union brothers,
Working for the right;
Unity shall be our motto,
For in that is might.

CHORUS—Brethren, let us work together
For each other's good,
Labor for our glorious Order,
Noble Brotherhood.

We will guard each other's welfare,
Always speak the truth,
Take the Bible as our way bill
For old age and youth.

In distress we'll try and comfort
And protect the weak;
Work for harmony and order—
Education seek.

Unity in things essential,
Charity in all,
Is the practice we must follow,
Prejudice must fall.

All our laws are built on reason,
Equity, and then
Peace on earth is our intention
And good will to men.

Jubilee Song—(Anthem.).

KEY, B flat. AIR—“*Hark the Song.*”

“Hark, the song of Jubilee!

Loud as mighty thunders roar,”

Rich and poor alike shall be

On America’s free shore.

He who labors with his hands

Shall receive a just reward.

Unjust, ruinous demands,

Now no longer shall be heard,

For our past mistakes we see.

We with prejudice are done,

North and South at last can see,

That their interests are one.

Solid South and North no more

Talk and work in silly spite,

But together now we stand,

Working bravely for the right.

And with justice for our motto,

We are bravely marching on,

And with justice for our motto,

Soon the vict’ry will be won.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

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